

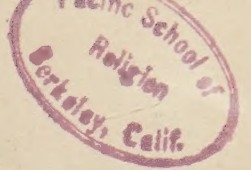
THE PACIFIC

VOL. LXVIII.

SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, JUNE 13, 1918.

No. 21

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room
2223 Atherton st



"Answer, soul of mine—which way
Hast thou made a road today?
Hast thou followed Love's sure chain?
Over hill and over plain?
Whichsoever choice thou'st made
There another road is laid—
Not a transient, fading trail,
But a path that shall not fail,
Evermore some foot shall stray
O'er the road thou mad'st this day
Ah, let each of us beware
How his thoughts and motives bear!
Every road that we shall choose,
Other pilgrim feet will use.
Some will follow where we lead
Long as life shapes life, indeed.
Have a brother's care, and pray
God to mark thy road each day."

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

FOR CONGREGATIONALISM AND THE CHURCH KINGDOM.

W. W. FERRIER, EDITOR.
2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley.

Contributing Editors.

Henry Kingman, Claremont, Cal.; John Wright Buckham, Berkeley; A. B. Patten, Forest Grove, Oregon; Jonathan Edwards, Spokane, Wash.; Charles L. Kloss, Oakland, Cal.; B. H. Stauffer, San Francisco; Chester Ferris, Santa Barbara; E. A. King, San Jose; W. N. Burr, Pomona; R. C. Brooks, Berkeley; A. W. Palmer, Honolulu.

The Pacific is Published Weekly by the Pacific Publishing Company, 45 Ecker Street, San Francisco. Directors: G. W. Scott, I. H. Morse, C. H. Ham, H. H. Wikoff, F. J. Van Horn, C. L. Kloss, F. P. Cole, C. D. Wilbur, D. H. Dexter. Entered as Second-Class Matter at San Francisco Post Office. Yearly subscription, \$1.50.

A SERVICE IN HONOR OF A PACIFIC COAST CONGREGATIONAL PIONEER.

A service calling for more than ordinary notice was held in the auditorium of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco on Friday of last week. Almost sixty years before, on Monday, July 29, 1858, Chaplain Joseph Rowell, who did a memorable work in this city among seamen for more than half a century, arrived in this seaport here by the Golden Gate. He had come thither from Panama and Aspinwall where he had been engaged in religious work for seven or eight years. The Rev. Dr. Lacy, pastor of our old First Church, had been one of the human instruments used of God in bringing him to this work in this city. It was within the sacred walls of the house of worship of that church, then located on the corner of Dupont and California streets, that Chaplain Rowell first worshipped God in a public assemblage on the Pacific Coast.

Across the bay today, in Plymouth Church, Oakland, are heard Sunday after Sunday the tones of the organ (rebuilt, ancient and yet modern) to which he listened on that first Sunday in August, 1858, when he worshipped with the First Church people of that early day.

It was fitting that when the call came to him—as it did on Wednesday of last week—to pass on into the other life the final earthly service for him should be held in our First Church; that the present pastor, Dr. Byron H. Stauffer, should give the invocation and read the scripture lesson; that Mr. Samuel D. Mayer, who played that old organ for many years from 1872 till it was replaced by another, should be asked to come and preside again as of old; that the Rev. Dr. Walter Frear, who had known Chaplain Rowell as a student at Yale, and had been a fellow-laborer for Christ with him in California for decades, should lead in the services of the hour. Inasmuch as Chaplain Rowell's life here as a Congregationalist touched all our interests and activities, Dr. Buckham of the Pacific School of Religion and Dr. Van Horn of First Church, Oakland, were asked to participate in the service—the former adding words of tribute to those voiced by Dr. Frear; the latter offering the prayer.

Elsewhere in The Pacific we give a sketch of Chaplain Rowell's life. So full of service and worth was his life of ninety-eight years, that we found one article not sufficient to present what ought to be presented; and another

will be given next week. Here now we wish to quote from a beautiful tribute paid to the Chaplain twenty years ago in The Pacific by the Rev. Dr. James H. Warren, a California Congregational pioneer. Chaplain Rowell was 78 years old at that time, eight more than the three score and ten; but, as will be seen when our sketch of his work is fully published, many more years of excellent service were in his allotment.

In that tribute in 1898 Dr. Warren said:

"What a worker Mr. Rowell has been! And what a work he has done! What a force his daily life! What an evidence of things unseen is his faith! How unbroken his success in winning souls, and how glad his song and praise in the midst of struggle, toil and sacrifice to self, to make men better!

"I have known only one Joseph Rowell—a man that is never tired, never idle, never discouraged, never sick. It is fifty years since I first saw him in Union Seminary, New York, and to know him by name. We have worked together in California, side by side, for forty years.

"He has given his life to seamen, but his heart and money have also ministered to home mission, foreign mission and Chinese mission work, and to every other good cause. He is alive in the temperance movement. To hear and feel him talk on that question one almost thinks that he has an intemperate hobby and cares for nothing else. But camp with him on a hunt for shells, among rocks, roots, tides and sands, and follow him to his cabinet where his collections are numbered thousands by thousands, and you will say the man does take an immense interest in other things as well as temperance. Perhaps you will say, it looks as though Brother Rowell believed in conchology as the chief end of man."

"Pressed and burdened with labor in behalf of sailors that frequent the third principal commercial port of the United States, one marvels to know what time he has for study, reading, thinking—what time for fellowship meetings, for details of committee work, freely thrust upon him; but for all this who is better informed as to what is being done in this wide world, and more alive to what is going on in the field of science, theology, philosophy, reforms, or whatever affects man for better or worse than this same Joseph Rowell—the unmatched seamen's chaplain of the age, a man of God, honest, grand, good!"

PLEASURE PLUS PROGRAM.

The call of the Church is not for "joiners" merely but for workers as well. Probably there are people who are in the Church for their own personal culture and enjoyment and because it is pleasantly respectable. To others the realities of Christianity are not so much lessons as messages for proclamation. The call to active service comes to them as the call of the wild brings its urge to bear upon "the man of the open country." They must be "doing things" as well as enjoying the comforts and companionships of church membership. Whosoever will may come; but blessed are they who have strength of body and vigor of mind and altness of spirit that gives them place among those who may respond to the further command, go! Blessed are they who, to use the words of another, may "make their religion not only a delight but a determination, finding in it not only their pleasure but their program."

And why not work in the Church? "If the Christian religion is to live and assert itself, every practical man can see that it must be organized, and that every one who believes in the value of that religion should be in the organization." And where among men shall an organization be

found that better represents the Christianity of the community than the Church? To quote the words of Dr. Chas. R. Brown from one of the practical chapters in his book "The Main Points"; "Jesus, who taught the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, at the close of his life sent out his apostles to disciple all nations, and to baptize them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. The only place where this command is being taken seriously is in the Church of Christ. The same Jesus who told men to love God and to love their neighbors also instituted the Lord's Supper and gave the command 'This do in remembrance of me.' The only place where this command is being obeyed and this sacrament regularly and devoutly observed is in the Church."

It is true the history of the Church is marked by many short comings; but, to use again the words of Dr. Brown, "The only way to have a Church without faults is to stop admitting human beings as members." Notwithstanding all its failures to measure up fully to the standards of the Christian religion the work of winning the world for Christ has gone forward and is moving on today with power and promise through the activities of the Church as through no other institution. As these words are written the mind of the writer is still a-thrill with recent utterances from men of high standing in the Church which reveal a passion for church efficiency. Conscious of shortcomings Church leaders are eagerly asking "How can the Church rise to a higher conception of its task and project its ideas into the life of the world?" "How can the Church help more than it has been doing to make the principles and ideals of Jesus more effective in business and in all forms of activity?" "How can the Church best serve the soldiers when they come back from the war?" "How may the Church best help to establish a world order consistent with the vision of Christ, the great Head of the Church?"

An institution thus aroused to the big, vital questions is an institution with a right to claim the active service of all deep-souled workers.

W. N. B.

WHAT AILS SUCH MEN?

Bruce Barton says that he lunched with a man who had applied for a job with the organization to which Barton belonged, and though the applicant talked about many things he never once asked a question about the work.

I journeyed three hundred miles with a preacher, and though I gave him every encouragement to open up, he had not a word to say about preaching. Not once in the eight hours did he enthuse over his calling, didn't tell me his latest text, the lines of thought he was following from Sunday to Sunday, the Scripture lessons that gripped his people. I tried my best to draw him out, asked him whether he shared the view of a prominent pulpiteer that the Scripture selections should be limited to four or five verses, and should not be on the sermon's theme, but he had no opinion to offer. He had much to say about ecclesiastical politics, knew where the leading men were heading for, (he was a Methodist, and it was near conference time,) could tell me all about the various boards of his denomination, but he was silent as death about the one thing that counted for success in the estimation of the people of his parish.

What ails such men? Why do they not want to unfold their method of handling a certain subject or text? They are not the exception, mind! A man whose audiences are as large as any preacher's in the land said: "The preachers throughout the country are doing everything but preaching." He meant that they were doing everything but getting up sermons. Is that the cause of poor congregations?

Is it so that the average pastor fritters away his time, and spends too few hours in the study? Is the church service, as a consequence, dull and uninteresting, are the exercises perfunctorily rendered, without conviction or emotion?

I went to see "The Wanderer." How beautiful was the rendering of Scripture! And how swept by emotion that great audience! I believe the vast majority went from that place better men and women. I wonder if it is too high an aim to set before us, to have one supreme moment in each service when all shall be stirred by something said or sung.

A regular attendant at prayer meeting during forty years told me that her pastor opened the Bible Wednesday evening saying, "Let us open the Book at random and see what it says." Frequently he admits that he doesn't see "what the man's driving at" and promises to let them know the next meeting if his commentary sheds any light on it. She asked me whether it would be a sin to stay at home and read a good book. I told her to state the case to the pastor and ask his advice.

Pastoral visiting is good, but only as a help to good preaching. People may be teased to attend service a little while, but the magnet that will draw them permanently is the consciousness that they are going to get something. And that something must be along the line of soul food.

Sermonizing is the cure for ministerial failure. Enthusiasm about preaching is a sure symptom of approaching success.

B. H. S.

THE SIMPLE GOSPEL.

The Simple Gospel, like common sense, is uncommonly hard to define. But how can we expect either to preach or to teach, unless we can put the gist of the evangel into a few unmistakable words? What then is the heart of it, the essence, the kernel? For my own satisfaction, I have adopted Dr. William Adams Brown's simple definition of Christianity, as a plain statement of what the Gospel really is: "The religion of Divine Sonship and of human brotherhood, revealed and realized through Jesus Christ."

The two key words of the Gospel, then, are "Sonship" and "Brotherhood"; and Jesus Christ is the Key-man who interprets them supremely. Are these not the very keys which Christ gave to Peter and to the other disciples who were to be the continuators of his spirit and his work? As Son of God and Son of Man, Christ was, beyond all comparison, Himself the Simple Gospel personified. But the fact of this experience of Sonship and Brotherhood may be ours, too, in essence now; and its coming completeness may be our great expectation. Have we forgotten the assurance of Paul, "Till we all attain unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ"?

We should always seek the Master Keys, and here they are—the Master's own Master Keys; Divine Sonship and Human Brotherhood. We may give other names to these keys, but their nature is one and the same. We may well call these two Master Keys, Divinity and Democracy. Christ Himself was both, for He was the heart of God in the life of man, and He was the love of man in league with his fellows. He who said, "One is your Teacher, even the Christ, and all ye are brothers," was Himself the Elder Brother in God's family and so the Master Teacher of divinity and democracy, ready to live or die for the truth.

All the multifold solutions of the world's unending problems must come through the application of these two simple master keys. Or, to change the figure, we must hitch every last wagon to these two stars. No work could be more multiform than that of the Red Cross today; and yet the master of that work, in sending out his lieutenants,

said, "Keep things simple and keep them big!"

In similar vein, an English writer said recently, "Choose great themes for the pulpit. Avoid the ingenious treatment of small topics." And what do you suppose were some of the small topics that he mentioned. Here are four of them, "the fall of man, original sin, substitutionary atonement, and eternal punishment." He was right in refusing to say that the small topics are the items of our daily life. No daily problem, however slight, but needs Christ's master keys for its solution. We must go to life's complex demands, smiling to "think God's greatness flows around our incompleteness, round our restlessness His rest." That's divinity. And we must do all, so much for the sake of the doing, as for the sake of the doers, who are to be "knit together in love." That's democracy.

Were ever the Gospel issues of democracy so simple and clean-cut as they are today? "The simplicity that is towards Christ" is with the Allies and not with the Kaiser. It is Wilson, and not Wilhelm, who can use plain, unevasive language. The philosophy of German Kultur is sophisticated and baffling. But phrases of democracy can be put into a child's primer. Their essence is the golden-rule, destined at length to become as plain and simple in the counting-house and the court, as in the kindergarten. When applied without indirection that rule will give us both international democracy and industrial democracy. Both belong to the simplest gospel of brotherhood, that demands economic enfranchisement as well as political.

But democracy without divinity is impossible. Our unity is in the Fatherhood of God. The crime of the Hun is the fact that he has tried to break with God's family. There is no final security or peace except in the shelter of the one mighty providence of the Ruler of nations. Not Germany over all, but the kingdom of God over all, is the watchword of human destiny. There are no inferior races, except those who despise their brothers. And there are no super-men, except those who are devoted to super-nationalism. To secede from the race is the sin against the Holy Ghost. Democracy is "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

Paul has put the gist of the simple gospel into immortal phrase—"Heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ." "Heirs of God," that is Divinity. "Joint-heirs with Jesus Christ," that is Democracy.

A. B. P.

TRAINING THE CHAPLAINS FOR THE ARMY.

By Eric M. North, Assistant Secretary, General War-Time Commission of the Churches.

The third session of the Training School for Army Chaplains opens with the assurance that it is an institution of proven value meeting a very real need. The men who attended the first session, held at Fort Monroe, Virginia, are now in active service. Already most of the graduates of the second session are on their way overseas to fill up vacancies in the regiments there. Each month from now on will see three or four score new chaplains taking their places in the Army with specific training for their work—an advantage which only those who have had to go directly from their pulpit to their post can appreciate.

In two ways the Training School, which now is located at Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky., is unique. It is, so far as is known, the only army school for chaplains in existence. It is distinctly an army school. In the words of its commander, Major Alfred A. Pruden, a chaplain of the Coast Artillery Corps, "this is not a theological seminary." It is modeled on the lines of the Reserve Officers' training schools through which thousands of young men have been passing in recent months. Like them, the candidates live in army barracks and under army discipline. They roll out of their cots to the call of the bugle at 6:15, go through

a half-hour's setting up drill, and line up with their mess-tins at 6:45 for breakfast as do any other rookies.

Both because the candidates are first passed upon by their denominational chaplain committees and the General Committee on Army and Navy Chaplains or the Catholic Chaplains' Bureau and because the Government can hardly take any responsibility for their theological education, the School assumes that they have the requisite theological training and experience. The emphasis of the School is thus laid upon military matters. The morning is occupied with class work in military law, military customs, international law, French, military hygiene and first aid, and general lectures on recreation and amusement work. With all these a chaplain must be familiar, for his work may demand advice to a man under court martial, emergency attendance upon the wounded, censorship of the mail, statistical reports on sickness and casualties, as well as the most effective methods of spiritual ministry. The afternoon is given to military drill and to practice in horsemanship, not only for their own sake, but also that the chaplains may be as physically fit as the men with whom they campaign.

After an early supper, special conferences are held upon many aspects of the chaplains' work and relationships. On Sundays, the men preach in the camp or in Louisville. As far as possible, the faculty make a point of hearing each man at least once, that they may be sure he is qualified for the difficult task of preaching to soldiers. It might be added that the men are rated upon all the work that they do as are other candidates for officers' commissions and that the faculty do not hesitate to advise men whom they find lacking the necessary qualifications of personality, bearing and persistence to withdraw from the school. When taps blows at night the men turn in after more than ten hours of strenuous work—during which, nevertheless, many of gain in weight. In addition to Chaplain Pruden, who is an Episcopalian, the faculty includes Captain John T. Chenoweth (Methodist Episcopal), Captain R. R. Fleming, Jr., (Baptist), Lieutenant Ignatius Fealy (Roman Catholic) and Lieutenant D. D. Brinkley of the Artillery. At the last session these were supplemented by an instructor in French and an instructor in singing drawn from talent among the students.

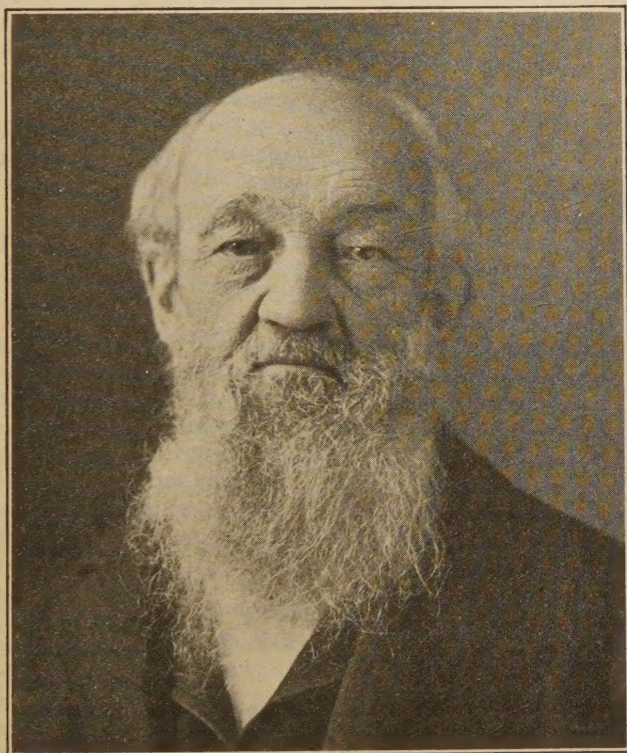
The second unique feature about the school is the fact that probably never before was so diverse a religious group drawn together for what is after all training for a distinctly religious task. Here are Catholics, not only from the secular clergy, but also from the religious orders such as the Augustinian, the Jesuit, and the Redemptionist. Here are Baptists, Presbyterians, and Methodists from both the northern and southern wings of each of those groups. Here are Episcoplians, Congregationalists, Lutherans, Disciples, and others from still other churches. With the greatest good fellowship they work and study and confer together. Some have already been chaplains in the National Guard. Others have had camp experience with the Y. M. C. A. Unit-edly they are helping each other learn how best to minister to men who are seeking as perhaps never before the things of the Spirit. This is in harmony with reports from religious workers in camps all over this country and in France. If the churches at home keep step with these their representatives in the Army a long march will be made toward meeting the religious needs of the hour.

Let us do our duty in our shop and in our kitchen, the market, the street, the office, the school, the home, just as faithfully as if we stood in the front rank of some great war, and we knew that victory for mankind depended upon our bravery, strength, and skill. When we do that the humblest of us will be serving in that great army which achieves the welfare of the world.—Theodore Parker.

THE ACTS OF A PACIFIC COAST PIONEER APOSTLE.

Sketches of the Life and Work of Chaplain Rowell—A Man Whose Name Has Long Been Spoken in All the Great Seaports of the World.

Seventy-seven years ago, as a young man of 21, Joseph Rowell started from his home in a New Hampshire village to enter on ten years of study in academy, college, and theological seminary. He set out with \$75 in his pocket and with these three rules of conduct: "I will not get in debt. I will not accept charitable aid. I will give one-tenth of my gross income to the Lord's work." He kept the three rules during a three years' course at Kimball Union Academy, at Meriden, New Hampshire; and departed therefrom with his \$75 more than doubled. He studied at night, taking for sleep only four hours; worked during the day except during recitation hours; spent his vacations in farm work; taught school for three months one year, in a district where the large boys had for three successive winters broken up the school and buried the teachers in the snow—having the satisfaction of seeing the term through with those boys "behaving like gentlemen and studying like men."



He stood high in his classes all through the Academy course. At the end of the Academy work, with his thoughts turned to the colleges of New England, he said: "Since I must hoe my own way I will have the best that is to be had." Dartmouth was not far away; but it was small and struggling. He fixed on Yale. Although the expenses were greater there than they had been in the Academy town, earning money was easier; and so at Yale he had the indulgence of five hour's sleep—one more than at Meriden. A modest salary as leader of a church choir added to his outdoor and indoor work income, and he left Yale with his money store more than doubled again.

Selecting Union Seminary as his place for theological study and training, he found earning money in New York to be easier than it had been in New Haven, and there was time for six hours' sleep while he was a student in theology. Mainly his income while in New York came from

his work as leader of the choir in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church and from singing classes conducted in other churches. At graduation his purse was fuller than it was when he entered and he was the owner besides of several hundred volumes of good books.

During his senior year in the Seminary, when his classmates were, from time to time, talking prospectively about fields of labor, he took no part in the conversation—having this determination: "I am going to wait for God's direction." Several places of work were offered him in New York City. When they were declined and he was asked why he declined, his reply was: "I don't feel like it." But when the Secretary of the American Seamen's Friend Society, after consultation with the Seminary professors, asked him to go as their chaplain to Panama, it did not require five minutes for them to get a favorable decision. These are his words as they have come down through the years:

"When that railroad is finished Panama will be an important seaport, and ought to have a chaplain. It is a pestilential hole, and it will be hard to find a good man to go there. I am tough and can stand the climate, if any one can, and I will go."

It had been planned that he should go to Panama as the representative of the American Seamen's Friend Society and the American and Foreign Christian Union. When the time was at hand for him to depart for Panama it was ascertained that the funds of the last named society were temporarily exhausted and he was told that he would have to wait until the needed money was available. His word instantly was: "Then I withdraw from you! I will not wait!" And then to the secretary of the other society: "Do as you have agreed, and I will be responsible for the other half of my support." His thought was that God was sending him forth on the work, and was bound to provide the means—though he had no idea how it would be done.

In New York City at that time there was a young attorney—a son of the Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander of Princeton Seminary—who knew of the young students' work, though he had never met him. The attorney wrote to Daniel Webster, who was then Secretary of State, at Washington, commending the newly-designated chaplain for Panama; and Webster in turn wrote to the United States Consul in that South American city requesting him to take the chaplain under his special care at once upon his arrival at Panama. The Consul acted becomingly; he arranged for a preaching service at the consulate, invited by special note all the leading American and British residents; and so, the chaplain's first sermon in Panama was in the hearing of that city's most distinguished men and women. In some reminiscences in *The Pacific* a few years ago Chaplain Rowell wrote that he told them plainly what his purpose was—not sparing their sins—that when he did this there were smiles and nods which seemed to say, "He will have his hands full."

But when at the close of the service the Consul took a subscription paper, headed it with \$250 for himself and passed it around, all subscribed liberally; and so, right in the beginning of his work at Panama the half-salary which he had thought back there in New York City the Lord was bound to provide was much more than pledged.

One or two incidents in his life at Panama will show his sturdiness, and his devotedness to duty.

At one time, when there was an epidemic of yellow fever, brought from St. Thomas on an English steamer, he asked permission of the Consul to go to an old stone building which the government used as a hospital for the stricken people. Very few persons entered that building and came out alive. The Consul emphatically refused to

give the permit, saying: "You are a northern man, and one visit to that place would cost you your life. My Government has charged me to care for you and I cannot let you in there."

Chaplain Rowell replied: "But duty calls me there, and I must have the permit." He secured the permit and visited the hospital for some time nearly every day. At another time he became ill with Panama fever—not a dangerous malady for a man of his habits and constitution. It was on Sunday that he became ill; he went through the morning preaching service with difficulty. Later a physician from up the railroad line rode up to his house with the information that the superintendent of one of the stations was dead, and that he was wanted for a funeral service. If he told the physician his condition he knew he would forbid his going; and he knew also that if he refrained from going because of the illness, the men in general would call him a coward and Christ's cause would get a bad name.

A car with a locomotive was sent to transport him, but the slatted windows had no glass and the tropic rains wet him thoroughly. At the station he waited an hour in his wet clothing for the finishing of a coffin. Then the service was held in the car. At its close the persons in charge said: "This man made us promise that we would bury him on a certain beautiful knoll down the line; and you must go out and consecrate the ground." He felt that he was not his own—that he could not refuse; wading through tall wet grass to the knoll every particle of his clothing then became soaked; a delay of an hour a little later in his car at the station and the return to the city left him chilled through and through.

He reached home to find the people assembled for evening service, took time only for a change of foot-wear, entered on the usual service, and became unconscious before it was through. On Tuesday following, the doctor, as he departed from his house, said, "That is the last of him," and made no further calls, regarding him as beyond all human help. When the chaplain went up the railroad line he had Panama fever; when he came down he had yellow fever—an infected mosquito, probably, carrying the poison from the body of the dead to the body of the living.

With Chaplain Rowell in those years at Panama, as well as in all the later years in San Francisco, Paul's words to Timothy, "I charge thee—preach the Word," were always in mind.

In the year 1852 the Fourth of July came on Sunday. It was decided by the Americans resident there that they would have a rousing celebration of the day—have it on Sunday. Chaplain Rowell plead with them to do as their people back home would do—celebrate on Monday, but he was ridiculed for all his efforts with voice and pen to that end.

The man selected to give the oration was the editor of one of the daily papers—a man of ability, a heartily good fellow whom everybody liked. Several times, however, he had had delirium tremens and his physician had told him that the next spree would cost him his life. So, for a time he had abstained from drink.

Sunday came, and the chaplain's chapel was almost deserted. The only American of any prominence who was present at the chapel services, the only man who defied the ridicule and deserted the Fourth of July celebration for the house of the Lord, was Andrew D. Forbes, his first convert in Panama, and later for many years a leading member of the First Baptist Church of San Francisco.

At a dinner which followed the celebration, or came in as a part of it, the orator of the day was urged to drink in honor of the national birthday; although he knew his peril he could not resist. Four days later Chaplain Rowell was called to officiate at the man's funeral. A friend said to him: "Take care what you say, for the Americans have

agreed that if you begin to talk about the cause of his death, they will all shout 'Amen' and at once will leave the room." The friend was assured that the chaplain would not offend, inasmuch as he did not consider a funeral occasion a proper time for a temperance lecture. The Sunday following, these people largely staid away from the preaching service; the few who were there reporting that nothing was said in the sermon as to the cause of the man's death, all supposed that the danger time had passed, and they were out the next Sunday in full force. Then they got their drubbing in a discourse in which this fearless man of God set forth the proper and truly patriotic way of celebrating Independence Day and charged them to their faces with disgracing the fair name and institutions of their native land. Men tramped out of that chapel that day cursing and raging and threatening. The next day the chaplain was told by a friend that the persons thus enraged had held a meeting and had voted to starve him out of the city. Subscriptions for his support were cancelled. Deeply stirred but withal determined, the chaplain sprang to his feet with the exclamation: "Tell them that I will stay here to bury them all!" So plucky an attitude pleased some and shamed others. Gradually they returned to the chapel services and lent a hand again with pledges for support. And in the end the chaplain did bury nearly all of them except a few who left in order to save their lives.

Much of Chaplain Rowell's work at Panama was the conducting of funeral services. A few years ago he stated that so far as he could remember only once had he helped to lay away the body of a Christian—and this a man whom he had led into the living way only a day or two before his death, and to whom the doctor had just said: "I will have you out of this in a day or two." As the chaplain stood by this man's casket he told the assembled people why his funeral was unlike any other that they had attended in Panama. Writing concerning this in *The Pacific* in 1912 he said: "In all my more than sixty years of ministerial service I have never had an experience like this. I was full of triumphant joy and felt like shouting a song of victory. I seemed to be having the happiest day of my life. And this was a funeral service! God and heaven were very near; and all those present got new views of life and eternal things. A young man who was present, who was a Jew, said to his landlady that night, 'I would give the world if Pastor Rowell could say at my graveside the things he said at Goulborn's today.'"

In due time a young woman went from a New England home to share with the chaplain the toils and deprivations and dangers of that Panama life. After a year there she went home to recruit, so worn and reduced that "friends would not have known her, meeting her as a stranger." But read these notes from her letters:

"You must not think too much of any privations we are compelled to undergo. We get along quite nicely. * * * Twice we have dined on beans, which I have relished much, and tried to fancy an accompaniment of brown bread. * * * Really, if I had everything I would like I should not feel worthy to be counted among missionaries. I certainly am not unhappy."

"I often think of the Psalm sung by the High Street choir when we were married—

'Upward I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
God is the tower
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.'

"We must be content to do without many things, and you must be contented to have us do without them. If contentment is ours we shall have enough."

Chaplain Rowell's life at Panama was not what he had anticipated it would be. When the call had come to him to go there, he had had a profound impression that this was what he had been waiting for, that this was why he had never felt any interest in other proffered work—that it was God's plan for him that his life should be given to the work of winning seamen for Christ. He went to Panama expecting to find seamen there, but they were not there nor did they come there. In his reminiscences in *The Pacific* in 1912 he wrote: "For six years I toiled on patiently, waiting with less and less confidence for what was not to be. The railroad crept slowly across the mountains and valleys, bringing many thousands of men, laborers and pilgrims who needed the care and aid of an able and faithful gospel preacher, but where were the sailors whom I had gone to guide into the heavenly harbor?"

"There was plenty of hard work to do, and suffering to endure, and it was not unfruitful; but it was not what I went to find. The nearer came the iron road, the plainer it seemed that Panama was not to be a haven for ships, and would become of less and less importance as a business center. Well, by and by, the road was built; business settled into regular channels, the city and surrounding country became of less and less consequence, foreign business men died off or moved away, and my field of labor slipped from under my feet. My work was done and I must go; but whither?"

The Rev. E. S. Lacy, pastor of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, suggested that he come to this city and institute work among the seamen in this port of future greatness. The Rev. H. G. Storer of St. Johns, New Brunswick, suggested that he take his church at St. Johns, which he thought he ought to leave. David Hoadley, president of the Panama Railroad, suggested that he go over the Isthmus to Aspinwall, offering a residence there and board with the officers of the road at their hotel. The American Seamen's Friend Society, whose chaplain he was, advised in favor of Aspinwall. That city had more shipping than Panama had and the ships were much more accessible. Desiring to visit the home land the Chaplain went up to St. John's; his visit there convinced him that Mr. Storer was a better man for the place than he was, and he persuaded him to continue. An unwillingness to believe that his going to the Isthmus had been a mistake, led him to decide in favor of Aspinwall, though all in all an unpromising and women, and the colored peoples vicious with few exceptions; and among them all were a very few who, if liv-field of labor. "The whites were mostly ungodly men ing in a Christian land, would pass for Christians."

After a year in Aspinwall it became apparent that the chaplain and his family could scarcely expect to live through a second rainy season in their unsanitary dwelling place. The president of the railroad, at whose request they had gone there, was asked to provide for the building of a chapel and a parsonage. There was prompt acquiescence; but soon the financial panic of 1857 was on, and chapel and parsonage had to be delayed. Moreover the seamen were not at Aspinwall in sufficient numbers to satisfy a man of God who had the word "seamen" written as it were on his heart; nor were they any longer expected to come there. God seemed to be saying to him: "Get thee out of this and find thine appointed field on the far western shore."

And so it was that on Thursday, July 29, 1858, Chaplain Rowell and his family stepped from the steamship *Sonora* onto the wharf at San Francisco, and a few days later entered on a work which will be forever memorable in the annals of religious work on the Pacific Coast.

As early as 1851 the American Seamen's Friend Society had recognized the prospective importance of San Francisco as a sea-port and had commissioned the Rev. Eli Corwin as their chaplain in this city. On his arrival he found the

work looked after reasonably well by the Rev. William Taylor in connection with his evangelistic and other religious work here, and Mr. Corwin went to a work at San Jose. The Seamen's Bethel Church, organized here by William Taylor, flourished while he had charge of it, but after his departure from the city it was relocated in a place somewhat distant from the water front and ceased to be a church for seamen.

Then the work among the seamen was undertaken by a converted mate of a ship—by W. E. Davis who was afterwards ordained as a minister in the Baptist Church. After a hard struggle for funds, "a dollar here and a dollar there; here a day's work thrown in and there a little lumber given; some bills paid and some compromised on part payment," he succeeded in getting a building erected on what was called "Clark Street" but which was "no street at all, being simply a bridge of planks resting on piles." For lack of pecuniary support as well as because of indifference on the part of the people on the water front the work was abandoned after a time. The Episcopalians entered on work in the building later, and this also was given up.

In 1858 the building because of failure to pay rent to the owners of the water lot on which it was built had become the property of those owners. Edward P. Flint, a member of the First Congregational Church and Andrew D. Forbes, a member of the First Baptist Church—Chaplain Rowell's first convert in Panama six years before, collected the money needed to pay the rent on the lot, the building was put into their possession and one week after Chaplain Rowell's arrival in San Francisco the key of the building was put into his hand by Mr. Flint. He made at once a visit to the building and found a scene of dirt and desolation. Before touching a thing in it, he knelt and dedicated himself and the building to God's service in San Francisco. Climbing up into the tower he looked out on his future field of labor. "All around was a wilderness of old rickity hovels; and it looked as if more than half of all the business done there was rum selling. The only pure-looking things were the sea and the sky, while every thing concerning men looked dark and desperate." He borrowed a shovel and a broom and cleaned the building with his own hands. With help from the Sailors' Home the floors were scrubbed and the walls cleaned.

Faith looked beyond sight, and from that tower that day in 1858 rang out a song of victory foreseen, a song that caused persons passing along on the street below to pause and to look up wonderingly toward the little tower of the building no longer thought of as a church.

In that building two days later, on the 8th of August 1858, Chaplain Rowell began that devoted work for seamen which he carried on in this great seaport city for more than half a century—a work which caused his name to be spoken around the world.

The first Sunday there was a congregation of 20 persons at the preaching service, one-half of them sympathizers from city churches, the other half rough looking strangers from the waterfront. Members of the First Congregational Church proffered aid and a Sunday-school was started with five teachers and seven scholars—little Arabs who gave the teachers so much to do that they were glad there were no more of them till they had tamed those a little.

Writing concerning this beginning and the first few months seventeen years later Chaplain Rowell said: "Those were dark days, but never have I had more peace of mind or confidence of success than in those days of lonely weakness. I never once thought of failure or laid any plans having reference to the possibility of it. Christian friends said: 'I admire your courage but doubt your discretion.' Sinners scoffed at the whole undertaking as the height of folly. There was nothing to build on and no support moral or pecuniary pledged to the enterprise. The only thing

provided was the little old building. But there was a wide field, a host of Christless men going unwarned and hastily to judgment; and there was the voice of God saying clearly: 'This is the work I have reserved for you—enter on it.' Instead of doubting and fearing, because there were no human helpers at hand, I was glad and exultant. It was inspiring to face a seemingly impossible work with no one but God to hold on to. But it was a very hard and discouraging work. I wondered how those Sabbath School teachers held out as they did, with so much less motive than I had. A good many did give up in despair, but some held on like heroes. The boys were wild as young Arabs, with no reverence at all for sacred things. They would run across the church on the backs of the seats, turn somersaults in the pulpit, run up and down the belfry timbers, and (the first Sunday) one crashed bodily through the ceiling, landing unharmed on the floor below."

But he saw in each wild reckless boy and in each scornful man a soul to be saved or lost, and determined in God's name to work to save as many as possible.

Chaplain Rowell's terse comment back there in 1858, on the first day was: "It's a good beginning to grow from." And there was a growing from it. More were in attendance the second Sunday, and so on until the building was comfortably filled quite regularly. The Sunday-school prospered, and decade after decade did "a world of good among the children on the waterfront."

The work among seamen was one of marked fruitfulness; and during the years that he was in charge Chaplain Rowell had the joy of seeing and hearing more than fifty-eight hundred persons take a stand for Christ and enter on the life in him.

It was a truly wonderful work that this man of God carried on here for more than fifty years. We wish to write concerning it next week somewhat in detail. Just one word-picture now illustrative of the work done by this Apostle to Seamen: There stands in the prayer room of the Mariners' Church in San Francisco back there in one of the years that are gone a stalwart man, shock-headed, large-headed, his face showing dissipation, and battered as with countless storms of old ocean. He is in deep distress, says that he is a great sinner and expresses the wonder whether there can be any mercy for him. The Chaplain gives assurance, and gets his story: "I have been an exceedingly wicked man and criminal. I can describe to you the inside of the prison of nearly every chief seaport in the world. I have disgraced my family. My name is a forbidden word in my father's house. No one dares utter it in his presence." The man is led into a sweet bright hope and then says: "And now I must go back to my old home in Wales and see if my father is alive, for I have not heard a word from home for many years." Ere many months a letter comes from Wales to the Chaplain: "I came to my father's house, knocked at the door. My sister opened it. I knew her but she did not know me. I called her by name, and said to her, 'I am Thomas, and I am a Christian now.' She did not ask me in, but ran to father's room with the exclamation, 'Father, Thomas has come, he's a Christian.' The answer was, 'Let him come in.' I went in and saw my father very ill and near to death. He did not know me, but spoke sternly, 'Are you Thomas?' 'Yes, father, I am your Thomas.' 'Are you a Christian, Thomas?' 'Yes, father, I am a Christian,' I answered. 'Let me hear you pray,' said my father. I knelt by his bedside and prayed as best I could for him and for myself. He seemed satisfied, and said, 'Yes, Thomas, you are a Christian.' 'Then he raised his hands, and said, 'Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace, for I have seen thy salvation.' That aged father died soon thereafter, and in the church where he was an elder prayer was offered a day or two later for the Mariners' Church

and its Chaplain in far-off San Francisco. And the mother of that returned prodigal, through her remaining years, kept in her bed room a card on which was a picture of the little building here on the corner of Sacramento and Drumm streets, knelt before it daily, and there in Wales prayed for the prosperity of the work carried on by Chaplain Rowell and the Mariners' Church in San Francisco.

CHAPLAIN ROWELL'S LAST DAYS.

Last week The Pacific had brief mention of the passing into the other life of the Rev. Joseph Rowell, a man who had done for several decades a work which many years ago was referred to in our columns as "The Best Work in San Francisco."

We make no apology to our readers for adding to our first editorial this week and to our article entitled "The Acts of a Pacific Coast Pioneer Apostle," a few words here concerning this departed brother, whose age at the time of his departure was ninety-eight years, one month and fourteen days—years and days that counted for something up to the very last. He was at the Monday meeting of the ministers in San Francisco on May 27, and told how God had used him for the conversion of a man at the Rescue Mission in this city only a few days before. The minister who was to speak at that Mission meeting that day did not arrive. Chaplain Rowell was there, and was asked to speak. He gave a message which resulted in bringing into the life in Christ a man who had wandered in there intent only a short while before on suicide. What this Father in Israel said that day touched and moved him as nothing in the gospel message ever before had done. As Chaplain Rowell told of it at the Monday meeting of the ministers he spoke of it as something providential—the designated speaker absent, himself there with a message which went right to the heart of the man in need!

Monday afternoon, June 3, the relatives of Chaplain Rowell took him to St. Luke's Hospital, realizing that day that he needed such care as could be had there; in the forenoon of the next day he passed into a comatose state from which he rallied only once or twice, merely by the opening of his eyes for a few seconds. He seemed not to be in any special suffering during these hours, and passed away on Wednesday, June 5, about eleven a. m.

The last business act of his life was on Saturday of the week before when a notary went to his room so that he could make affidavit that a son now in mining business in Mexico was a native-born citizen of this country and entitled accordingly to take departure from Mexico, according to his desire, for the homeland. He read the daily papers that evening and was very much as he had been for some weeks, but was not able to go out to church on Sunday.

Monday he lamented his inability to be present at the ministers' meeting to hear Mr. Wirt speak on his experiences on the battlefield in France, and remarked: "I will have Mr. Ferrier come out and tell me all about it."

Mrs. Rowell, daughter of the Rev. Asa Cummings, a New England Congregational minister and editor, passed into the life beyond in 1879. Later, one daughter had gone on before.

The children remaining are: Joseph C., who is Librarian at the University of California; William A., a physician, now a captain in the United States Army, stationed at the Presidio; Edward F., in mining business in Mexico; and Mrs. Bertha R. Findlay, a resident of Berkeley.

After the services in First Church, San Francisco, last Friday, a man stepped up to the writer and remarked: "You stated that Chaplain Rowell came to San Francisco

on the steamship Sonora, July 29, 1858!" "Yes," was the reply, "he himself has said so many times." "Well, I was on the same steamer—a six-year-old boy. I did not know him then, but I was a member of his Sunday-school on Clark street." I had not seen him for years—had lost track of him; but looking over the daily paper the other day I saw the funeral notice, and resolved to come to the service."

When in return the writer of this article remarked: "There were seven boys in that Sunday-school the first Sunday, and one fell from the belfry through the ceiling into the chapel as the people were assembling. The man's words were: 'I was that boy.'"

Among the persons in attendance at that service last Friday were two old-time men of the sea, years ago members of the Mariner's Church, now members of the Methodist Church in Alameda. Many of our ministers were there, and representative laymen also—for a man had departed who had built his life into Pacific Coast history, laboring long with remarkable devotion for the laying of those foundations without which our civilization cannot endure.

How appropriate the Scripture that was read that day! It was that chapter in Second Kings in which we read: "And it came to pass * * * that there appeared a chariot of fire and horses of fire and parted them; and Elijah went up into heaven. And Elisha saw it; and he cried, My father, my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

So it was that after listening to the words of tribute by the brethren mentioned in another article, joining in the singing of "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me," and listening to "Homeward Bound" and "Land Ahead," those in attendance at the services last Friday went out feeling that again as of old a chariot had come down out of the heavens and had carried away one who had indeed been a "father" among us.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

At the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco next Monday the address will be given by Dr. Byron H. Stauffer.

The president of The Pacific Publishing Company is doing a noteworthy service in furnishing church news items as he goes about the Coast in his secretarial work for one of our national societies.

The Rev. R. M. Pratt resigned recently at Coupeville, Washington, and will spend the summer in pulpit supply work and in lecture work. We commend him to our churches in California as well as to all others. Until June 20th his address will be the Y. M. C. A., Portland.

Mr. Samuel D. Mayer, who played the organ at the funeral services of Chaplain Rowell in the First Congregational Church, was organist there for more than forty years. It seemed like going back to the old days to sit there and listen to the beautiful music which flowed forth last Friday at his skillful touch.

This note came this week from the Rev. John L. Maile of Los Angeles, who for many years rendered splendid service as Home Missionary Superintendent in Southern California: "I am glad The Pacific is going forward. It is a strong, very influential paper. I congratulate you on its success."

Word came to San Francisco this week just as The Pacific was going to press, of the death, on June 5, at Peking, China, of the Rev. Murray S. Frame, an American Board missionary, and son-in-law of the Rev. and Mrs. J.

K. Browne. Mr. Frame and family had been expected to arrive in the home land this month. Now for him it is that other and higher home land. Hearts all over the Coast will go out in sympathy to Dr. and Mrs. Brown, our beloved co-workers for several years.

The ministers of San Francisco and vicinity had the pleasure last Monday of a brief time of fellowship with the Rev. Dr. Frank Dyer, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Tacoma, en route to Southern California. Dr. Dyer will give one of the commencement week addresses at Pomona College. At the meeting of the ministers on Monday he spoke of the high value of The Pacific to Pacific Coast Congregationalism, and expressed gratification because of the plans for its wider usefulness.

A REQUEST BY THE PASTOR AT RIVERSIDE.

The pastors of the Congregational churches are urgently requested to send the names of the young men connected with their churches or Bible schools who have been, or who will later be, sent to the Aviation camp at Riverside, to the Rev. Geo. Laughton, pastor of the Congregational Church of that city. These young men will be written to and visited. They will be invited to the homes of our people and to the fellowship of the church. If possible let the pastor give them a letter of introduction to Mr. Laughton.

SANTA CRUZ NOTES.

Children's Day was observed by a children's service Sunday morning, when twelve children were presented by their parents for baptism.

The regular vested choir was assisted by a Sunday school vested choir, and the names of 25 new members were added to the honor roll. The service flag has 79 stars.

Next Sunday evening John S. Chambers, the State Controller, will address a union patriotic meeting at the church.

On Sunday morning the pastor will preach the high school baccalaureate sermon before the graduates. He is to give the address to the graduates at the commencement exercises of the Boulder Creek Union High School.

The Odd Fellows and Rebekahs are to have their annual memorial service this year at the church.

In the recent Red Cross drive members of the congregation gave over \$4,000.

The Cheerful Workers had a doll booth at a recent community circus for the Red Cross and were able to turn in \$42 from their booth.

Rev. J. W. Speers of the church at Salida is here for two months and is occupying his seaside cottage.

Rev. L. L. Rolls, of Saratoga, is at Seabright for his vacation.

POMONA.

Rev. Arthur O. Pritchard, acting pastor of Pilgrim Church during the absence of the pastor, William Orr Wark in France, is expected to return to Pomona from his eastern trip about June 14th. Mr. Pritchard has been for several weeks at his old home in Scarsdale, New York, pulling himself up by the roots after a pastorate of fifteen years with the Scarsdale people. Seeking a milder climate on the advice of his physicians, he comes to the Pacific Coast to remain permanently. During his absence the pulpit of Pilgrim Church has been supplied by President H. G. M. Briggs, of Straight College, New Orleans;

Rev. William A. Rice, D.D., Secretary National Ministerial Relief Association; Rev. James P. McNaughton, of the Armenian-Syrian Relief Society; Rev. Holland Field Burr, of Hawthorne, California; Rev. Robert R. Meredith, D.D., of Pasadena.

A RESURRECTED CHURCH.

When the Rev. N. F. Sanderson accepted the pastorate of the "Pilgrim" Congregational Church in East Bakersfield, one year ago, he was greeted by thirteen discouraged members at his first morning service and twenty in the evening. There were no hymn books, the church insurance had just run out and the property was sadly in need of repairs.

Not a volunteer man could be found who could fix leaking faucets, trim trees or repair broken down fences, so the pastor had to roll up his sleeves and do it himself. Through the good will of outside people and the faithfulness of the small membership, \$250.00 has been raised and has been expended in repairs. This has given the property a neat and attractive appearance. There was also a debt of \$650.00 against the property besides \$185.00 against the piano. All of which has been paid. So the church now is entirely free from debt. Mr. Sanderson's chief work, however, is with the boys. He soon gained the good will of nearly all the boys on the East Side. He organized them into the Boy Scout troops and also started another club called the "Three M. Club"—"Muscle, Mind and Morals," which is composed only of boys who are in regular attendance at Mr. Sanderson's Sunday school class and the evening service.

Besides all the work Mr. Sanderson has done in connection with his pastorate, he has constantly been called upon by all kinds of civic bodies to give patriotic addresses throughout Kern County. Mr. Sanderson says he enjoys the hard work of keeping "The home fires burning." Yet the call to do some special war work at the front grows stronger every day. He was a Spanish War veteran and saw active service in the Philippines.

A WASHINGTON GLADDEN CLUB FESTAL OCCASION AT LONG BEACH.

The Washington Gladden Club of the Long Beach Church had on Tuesday evening, June 4th, one of their frequent festal occasions, which was enjoyed to the utmost. It was "Ladies' Night," so that fully 200 men and women sat at the dining table.

A delegation from the Long Beach Bar Association was also present to welcome the chief guest of the evening, and their president, Mr. John E. Daly, was called upon in due order to present him to the audience at the beginning of his address.

Various items of business were disposed of, including the admission of fifteen men to membership. An equal number of the Service Boys were also voted into full membership, without payment of any dues, making a total of fifty thus admitted, for the Gladden Club believes that nothing is too good for the boys in khaki and blue, and that they should be held in constant remembrance.

Announcement was made of the proposed immediate organization of patrols of Boy Scouts, under the supervision of the new local Scout Council and County Field Executive, Chas. N. Miller.

Mrs. Kemper Campbell, assistant district attorney of Los Angeles County, was introduced to present the cause

of the American Women's Hospitals. Her address was one of peculiar interest and of marked persuasiveness.

The guest of honor, Judge B. F. Bledsoe of the U. S. District Court in Los Angeles, followed with an address upon "The American Citizen and the War." It was a powerful phillipic stating comprehensively the attitude of the German nation for its war of conquest and the paramount need of devotion and sacrifice by every true American. A rising vote of thanks by the listeners evidenced their deep appreciation of the eloquent address.

NEWS ITEMS FROM SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CONFERENCE.

Rev. Owen Umstead, during whose pastorate at Calexico the beautiful ten thousand dollar new church edifice was built, has accepted a call to our church at Redondo Beach and will begin his labors there June 16th.

Rev. George A. Andrews, pastor of the Plymouth Church, Los Angeles, has felt the lure of the Y. M. C. A. work in France. His church has, with true patriotism and generosity, granted their pastor six months' leave of absence on full salary, and has raised \$1200 to carry on the work of the church during their pastor's absence. Mr. Andrews has two sons in the service, and when the father and the two sons all reach France, they are planning for a reunion across the waters.

The Victorious Life Conference, the first to be held in the West, is in session this week in the Whittier College. Its aim is a sane, sensible, scriptural life, and preparation for greater usefulness in Christian service. Addresses are being given by Dr. Charles A. Blanchard, President of the Congregational College at Wheaton, Illinois; by Robert C. McQuilton of Philadelphia; by Dr. Griffith Thomas of Wycliffe College, Toronto, Canada; by returned missionaries from Foreign Fields and by others. Several missionary classes are in session every day and already there have been ten or fifteen young people who have volunteered to go as Foreign missionaries. Between four and five hundred people are in attendance.

WASHINGTON NOTES AND PERSONALS.

About 1,200,000 was raised in Seattle for Red Cross—double the city's quota.

Secretary J. H. Matthews is in Chicago attending the Conference of Educational Secretaries.

The Rev. Hugh Elmer Brown has resigned the pastorate of Pilgrim Church, Seattle, to accept the call of First Church, Evanston, Illinois, as successor to Dr. McElveen.

The Rev. Dr. Dyer, of First Church, Tacoma, sailed on June 7th for California, where he is to address the students at Pomona College on Commencement Day. He also hopes to consult various brethren upon the matters that pertain to the Council of Defense.

Secretary W. W. Scudder, following his work in Southern California, returned to familiar scenes on Puget Sound, spending several days with his son on the latter's farm near Clear Lake. He addressed one or more of the neighboring churches, much to their edification.

The lumber industry in the Northwest—Oregon and Washington—has furnished the government since the opening of the war 435,000,000 feet of fir and spruce. This does not include the airplane spruce manufactured by the government's own plant at Vancouver on the Columbia.

Rev. Clarence R. Gale, for many years the successful Superintendent of the Seattle Church Extension Society, is giving himself more particularly for the present to the promising work at Bayview, where shipbuilding is drawing quite a population. Recently he has built him a house in close proximity to the church—houses suitable being difficult to rent.

The Rev. Dr. Henry J. Van Dyke, for several years U. S. Minister to The Hague, is making his first visit to the Puget Sound country, speaking in the interests of the war. What his eyes have seen and his ears heard are greatly interesting both men and women, the Chamber of Commerce and the annual gathering of the Women's Clubs of the State. He left for the east Saturday eve, June 8th.

Sunday pulpit themes in Seattle on a recent Sunday as announced by the Post-Intelligencer: "First Baptist, 'Our Heroes'; First Christian, 'What a Great Man Gave his Daughter'; Plymouth Congregational, 'Reconciliations'; First Methodist 'Which Shall Rule—Head or Heart'; First Spiritual, 'Sir Oliver Lodge's Book Raymond'; Unitarian, 'Spiritual Bankruptcies and Moral Assets.'"

Rev. and Mrs. I. J. Luce, formerly of Etna, Siskiyou County, California, are at present living in Seattle. Mr. Luce is interested in some mining propositions, but hopes soon to make such adjustments as will enable him to return to church work. Mrs. Luce, an ordained minister, has made application to Dr. Baird and possibly the latter may find an opening for her. Both are in their prime and needed in the advance movement now on.

Rev. Dr. Torrey of Los Angeles, with others in sympathy with his views, is opening a "Big Bible Conference" in the First Presbyterian Church of Seattle to continue two weeks—June 6 to 14. Subjects: "Daniel and the Prophets," "Books of Ephesians and Revelation," etc., etc. Among our Congregational pastors announced to preside afternoon or evening is Rev. A. L. Knudson of Green Lake Church.

A new thing under the sun in Seattle is a Monday lunch by Congregationalists at a central restaurant in the business district. Ministers, laymen—both men and women—assemble at 12:15 p. m. and enjoy a most delightful fellowship. Visiting friends from abroad are made welcome and the novel arrangement gives promise of permanency. As many as seventy-five gathered on a recent Monday. For the summer the Ministers' meeting is suspended.

Rev. Daniel E. Wilson, for years the right hand man of Superintendent Scudder, in looking after neglected fields—following in the same line under Dr. Baird—has returned again to Seattle after six months with the church at Doty, a flourishing saw mill town in southwestern Washington. Two of his sons are in the U. S. service, and he has offered himself for Y. M. C. A. work. While awaiting information from headquarters in the east he may take a trip to California.

Dr. L. O. Baird, pastor at-large in Washington, is expecting to visit soon Vancouver, Washington, where, with Secretary Sullens of Oregon, he is hoping to re-establish the work in abeyance for a year or more. A young man from the middle west, highly recommended by President Davis is coming in July to look over the field, and the hope is he will be so drawn to the great opportunity that he will cast his lot with the loyal friends at Vancouver greatly desiring the right leadership. This suburb of

Portland is feeling greatly the war impetus—ship building giving employment to a goodly number of men.

According to a recent number of the Times, Seattle has 22 Baptist churches, 17 Catholic, 9 Christian, 29 Congregational, 6 Christian Science, 13 Episcopal, 17 Lutheran, 31 Methodist, of which two are Methodist Protestant and four Free Methodist, 27 Presbyterian, of which 4 are United Presbyterian, 2 Evangelical, 1 Friend's, 2 Latter Day Saints, 2 Swedish Mission, 2 Unitarian, 1 United Brethren, 4 Seven Day Adventists, and 10 miscellaneous—in all 195. Estimating the population as 400,000, this is one to every 2100 people, more than could crowd into most of the church edifices. Does this look as if there are too many churches. Seattle has one Federated Church not included in the above—the Central Presbyterian and Edgewater Congregational.

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON.

Rev. and Mrs. Bryant C. Preston of Palo Alto have made their many friends happy by their presence in the city during this week. Mr. Preston preached to the federated churches—Fifth Presbyterian and Plymouth—on Sunday morning. In the evening he preached at the Westminster Church and also gave an outline of the Y. M. C. A. work at Camp Fremont. On Monday morning he addressed the general ministerial association. At noon he was the guest of the Congregational Alliance at a banquet, where he spoke prophetically of his future work. There were responses from the writer and others. He goes to his new work with the best of wishes of the brethren here as well as that of a host of friends.

At the Alliance meeting on Monday afternoon an able and practical paper on Divine Healing was read by Rev. J. A. Luckenbach. Also a paper on Wagner and the Simple Life by the Rev. H. W. Jones. It was a meeting of special interest. The next month's meeting will be in the nature of a picnic at Manito Park.

The Almira Church has given new evidence of its appreciation of the work of the Rev. J. M. Lewis by aiding generously in the bringing of the family from California. Six persons united with the church on a recent Sunday.

J. EDWARDS.

A WASHINGTON READER OF THE PACIFIC EXPRESS-ES APPRECIATION AND MAKES A SUGGESTION.

I have been a reader of "The Pacific" for nearly seven years. It is the most readable and most read publication that comes to my table. It has been a source of inspiration and encouragement to me.

I have tried to act as correspondent for Northwest Washington but there has been much difficulty owing to the inability of men to see the value of regular news items of our local activities. Much time and some cash have been used in sending out postals requesting such notes. About one in ten reply and only occasionally. This is disappointing to a busy man who accepts the voluntary service. May I suggest that instead of correspondents, each pastor be asked to send in regularly a report of the activities of his church, to be subject to editorial revision and arrangement as may be necessary. In this way news will be fresh and the many men will have an interest in the columns instead of a few correspondents. My earnest wish is that "The Pacific" may have the support it deserves for the sake of our common mission.

ROBERT MURRAY PRATT.

OREGON.

Hood River-Riverside Church is much pleased with the leadership of Rev. M. L. Hutton, who came to it from Pocatello, Idaho. For some reason the United Brethren and the Unitarian churches have closed their doors, and some of either are to be found in our church on Sunday. The Sunday school is flourishing, and all lines of church activity give fine promise. In the evening Mr. Hutton preaches far up the hill a mile or more from the Congregational center for the Baptist people, now without a pastor. He gives good satisfaction there as well as in our church, being a strong outspoken preacher, clear in his convictions, with the courage to express them. Coming to our body from the Methodist Church, where the rule of the Bishop was not pleasing, he is thoroughly at home among Congregationalists, rejoicing in the liberty thereby afforded. Hood River, an apple center, is not yet benefited by the war demands, and has recently suffered by the limited market for its products, but the general tone is better, and the church hopes to ere long make an effective drive in behalf of its local and church building debt. Among the parishioners are Rev. J. L. Hershner and family, whose ministry in this church several years since is held in pleasant memory, and whose flourishing apple orchard is affording him ample opportunity for renewing his youth through the physical exercise afforded.

The Dalles.

The Dalles has just given cordial welcome to Rev. E. E. Flint, recently of Everett, Washington. Mr. Flint was formerly at Grace Church, Oakland, from which he went to Great Falls, Montana, where he led in the erection of the fine new church edifice. He is a strong preacher and an untiring worker. The Dalles is one of the older churches in Oregon, has had able men in its pulpits and financially is well able to do large things in the line of missionary activities. Among its members is Mr. A. S. Roberts, son of a Presbyterian minister, a successful sheepman, who is continually doing large things for the advancement of the Kingdom.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The temporary pastorate of Rev. Hugh Pedley, D.D., with the First Congregational Church, Portland, closed last Sunday evening. During the three months he was here he rendered most excellent service. From the day of his arrival to that of his departure the people attending the church were drawn to him in a most unusual way. After the first month of his stay, it was hoped by many that he could be induced to stay longer than three months—the term for which he was engaged in the outset; but his plans, for work in Canada—mainly in the lecture field, as he has given up his pastorate in Emmanuel Congregational Church in Montreal, which he had served for seventeen years—would not permit him to stay longer.

It was the wish of many in the church on the first Sunday of his coming, March 3rd, that his ministrations might lead to renewed consecration and larger service; and those of the church and congregation who have heard him every Sunday and on Thursday evenings, and had a talking with him during the week, are very sure that their prayers have been granted. His personality, gentle and winning in every sense, and yet so strong in his faith in the providence of God, and in humanity, has had a remarkable influence in creating a greater desire for better living. He made many friends, and they received rich blessings from his ministry in the pulpit and in their homes. He

scattered the sunshine of joy and gladness wherever he went. The friendship and influence of Mrs. Pedley has also been greatly enjoyed. She is a most effective co-worker with her husband, and exhibited in her daily life while here a fine example of a cultured and devoted Christian woman, with all that implies.

Numerous persons among those to whom Dr. Pedley has ministered during his two score years of service in three Congregational Churches in Canada, all in universal acclaim, place him as one among the most influential ministers in Canada. And what is true of the churches of his own denomination, is likewise true of many of the other churches there, as witnessed by the call given him for courses of lectures during the coming winter to the students of four Theological Colleges as follows: He takes "Pastoral Theology" by appointment of the Presbyterian Colleges and "Homiletics" for the Congregational College. The other co-operating colleges are the Methodist and the Anglican.

On last Monday the women of the church gave a farewell reception and lunch to Mrs. Pedley and the men had the same function for Dr. Pedley. As they left Portland for Montreal it was the prayer of all that they might be spared for many years of useful service in the kingdom of our Lord.

On Memorial Day was held the second union service of the Congregational churches of the city in commemoration of the passing away of members of our denomination during the year, and also in compliance with President Wilson's Memorial Day proclamation. This service was well attended, and the principal address was made by Dr. Pedley whose subject was "Freedom: Its Value and Its Price."

At the prayer meeting in the First Church last Thursday the address was made by Madam Arabella Angelini, a native of Maryland, but of Italian parentage. She is heart and soul an American, and with her husband, an officer and chaplain in the Italian Army, is connected with the Waldensian Church in Italy. She is a wonderful speaker, and makes a most powerful appeal for Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. work in the Italian army.

The wonderful phenomenon in the ninety-nine per cent of a total eclipse of the sun was witnessed in this city yesterday afternoon to very good advantage, and it was an occasion long to be remembered. In Baker, Oregon, and Goldendale, Washington, both localities being in the zone of a total eclipse, special efforts by scientists, with special instruments for recording fully every thing possible relating to this notable eclipse, drew thousands to those points to witness the sublime and impressive spectacle.

Portland, June 9, 1918.

A HAVEN BY THE SEA.

Asilomar, California, is to be the scene of some notable war councils this summer. Also it is to be the setting for much intensive training of a certain part of the American defense, that part of it which stays at home and tries to keep its poise and its normal outlook the while its hands are doing all they can for the expeditionary force, the real army. Women and girls are to meet there for conference, to learn anew through the beauty of nature there that God's in His heaven and all's well with the world, however it may seem to the limited vision of humanity.

Asilomar means "haven by the sea." The first three syllables are from the root from which the word "asylum" is taken. The last syllable, of course, means "sea," the blue Pacific Ocean which breaks on the white sands of the beaches which dot that part of the California Coast. Growing right down to the water's edge are cypress, fir and eucalyptus trees, gnarled and twisted by the ocean breezes which

they have resisted for centuries. Mosses, seaweed and trailing shrubbery grow over the hillocks which gradually flatten out as the sand reaches to and mixes its whiteness with that of the ocean spum.

Asilomar is 125 miles south of San Francisco and one mile from Pacific Grove. It is accessible by railroad and automobile.

A few paces back from the waterline are built the halls and assembly rooms, the dormitories and pavilions of Asilomar. The buildings conform to one general type, the ensemble having been designed by a distinguished woman architect of California, Miss Julia Morgan. They adapt themselves to the land and seacape both in line and coloring, and are a delight to the esthetic sense as well as the last word in substance and utility.

That is where women and girls are to meet this summer to summon to their soul's strength and helpfulness for the war.

These conferences are under the supervision of the Young Women's Christian Association, which owns and administers Asilomar. The Y. W. C. A. has many conference grounds and sites throughout the country, but Asilomar is the only one which the Association owns.

It is prized by the Association as a jewel of rare beauty. Over it rests the benedictions of California's God-given beauty. Its shores are washed by the Ocean of Peace (Pacific). Its air is balm of flowers and trees.

Its spirit is service.

The first of the "camps" to be held at Asilomar this summer is the Girls' Camp, to be held from June 28 to July 8, inclusive. Girls between the ages of thirteen and nineteen may participate in the conference. Membership in the Y. W. C. A. is not essential to participation in the camp.

The camp is to be held under the immediate auspices of the Pacific Coast Field Committee of the Y. W. C. A. The leaders will be Miss Alice G. Moore, Secretary of the Girls' Work Committee of the Pacific Coast Y. W. C. A. and Miss Helen Fulton, student secretary. The counselors will be the Girls' Work Secretaries and group leaders.

Hikes over the beautiful adjoining terrain, suppers on the beach one night each week, camp fire stories, games and stunts, fireside councils on the theme "Preparing to Lead," singing, the making of happy friendships, athletic drills, War Service work, general discussions and the inculcation of Christian standards of ethics will occupy the girls throughout the long summer days.

The Association is especially emphasizing the necessity of strong bodies to be fit for whatever physical strain the war may impose upon women. To that end the athletic drills and regularity of hours, healthful exercises and hikes in the bracing air of Asilomar are particularly urged by the secretaries.

The establishing of character ideals will be no small part of the good to be achieved at the Girls' Camp. Mental, moral and social, then, will be the benefits accruing from attendance at the session.

Girls are instructed to bring bloomers, a sweater, tennis racket, low heeled shoes, and plenty of warm clothing.

The registration fee for the camp is twenty-five cents. Board is \$12.50 for the session. The railroad fare from San Francisco and return is \$4.20. Girls who want to register as entrants to the camp must send \$2.25 before June 20. Of this amount \$2 will be accredited toward board.

For further information write to Miss Marie Madison, 319 Russ Building, San Francisco, California.

Thus does the Young Women's Christian Association bring to the young girl the message of service to God and country at a time when it is good to see a light in the gloom.

The Methods Corner.

SUGGESTIONS AS TO HOW TO DO THINGS.

By Rev. E. A. King, San Jose.

"Drop In" Class to Boost the Sunday School.

E. C. Knapp, who has been the successful leader of the Inland Empire Sunday School Association for a number of years has accepted a call to Plymouth Church, Seattle, to become director of Religious Education, having charge of the Sunday School. One of the first things he did was to issue a four-paged folder called "Plymouth Megaphone." In the issue for March 7, 1918, we find the following paragraph.

"Mr. Knapp's Sunday noon class was held last Sunday in the men's parlor. Next Sunday it will be held in the church auditorium directly in front of the pulpit. It will begin within five minutes after the morning church service is dismissed. The class will close promptly at one o'clock. His subject next Sunday will be, "What Some Other Sunday Schools Have Recently Done." The following week he will discuss, "The Kind of Sunday School Plymouth Church Can Have." All are invited to remain for the twenty or twenty-five minutes, whether visitors, parents, church officials, or Sunday School workers. This is a "Drop In" class and will continue for only three or four weeks. Other Sunday noon classes will soon be started. Come and bring your friends."

This is a fine plan to interest the people in Sunday School work and we hope the suggestion will be carried out by many other schools and churches.

The Church Vacation School.

Some churches may wish to conduct summer vacation schools this year. Harriet Chapell has written a book entitled "The Church Vacation School" (Revell Co. New York, 75 cents) that tells what it is and how to conduct it.

Place Flags In Your Church.

Rev. F. W. Stanton, pastor of Emanuel Baptist Church, Buffalo, New York, has sent us an interesting story of the dedication of three flags that took place in his church a while ago. Among other things he says,

"Recently the Women's Union of our church presented three flags, the Service, the American, and the Christian flag to our church. On November 22nd a patriotic service was held and at the close a special dedication service for flags was held. The Christian flag hangs on the right side of the pulpit, the American flag is on the left side of the pulpit suspended from a flag staff, the Service flag hangs over the baptistery just behind the pulpit. These three flags present three distinct appeals at every service, for our own boys, the nation, and the kingdom of God. We must never lower our colors. These are days when our colors should hang high to call us to heroic and self-sacrificing service. I believe every church in the land should have these flags in a conspicuous place."

CROSSING SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

Dimly through the fog like spectral hills they seem,
The western hills that bound our spacious bay,
And at their feet the wrinkled waters idly gleam,
Save where the incoming tide creeps on its way,

'Tis long, to-day, ere this obscuring veil is riven,
Its silent pall benumbs our waking sense,
Light sound and motion, all too feebly given,

Knit not the garment of our soul's defense.

We turn: high noon aloft, the sun is regnant now,
In clearer outline shows the world below,
Its movement, colors, our spirits penury endow,
And rich with all this beauty no straitness know.

—W. W. Lovejoy.

May 22.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Prayer-meeting every Wednesday morning at 10 a. m.
at Headquarters. Everybody most cordially welcomed.

The weekly prayer meeting of the W. B. M. P. on Wednesday, June 5th, formed the opening devotional exercises of the June meeting of the Board of Directors. Fosdick's book on *The Meaning of Faith* was begun and will continue to be the study for the next few weeks. The author says in his introduction that it is his purpose to study the nature of faith, and also its special place in connection with the problem of suffering. He begins his study not with faith's reasonableness, but with faith's inevitability, in every phase of civilized life. He also considers faith as an integral part of courage.

The attendance at the directors' meeting held the first Wednesday of June was not as large as usual, owing to vacation time and the fact that the Northern California Branch was to hold its quarterly meeting the following day. Miss Brewer presided in place of Mrs. Evans, who was ill but able to be present part of the time. A most interesting fact which came up for consideration was the intelligence that our quarters had been commandeered for the use of the Food Conservation Committee, and that we would have to move out by July first. For the present, at least, we will occupy a room in the same building on another floor. Arrangements have not been definitely made as yet.

Where Most of the Directors Spent Thursday.

"Come to Saratoga for the May quarterly meeting." That was the invitation extended to the officers of the Branch and Woman's Home Union of Northern California. Gladly was it accepted, although Saratoga is some fifty miles away from the bay. But what is fifty miles for one who owns an automobile, or (what is still more delectable and economical,) possesses a friend who generously and hospitably shares hers with half a dozen companions.

It was a June day by the calendar, and a June day by the sky and air and fields, when scores of friends made an early start from the cities about the bay for charming Saratoga nestled cosily in the warm hills. Soon after eleven all had arrived at the place of meeting, the artistic, inviting clubhouse set down in the midst of clustering homes of the little city.

All was sunshine and flowers and cordial welcome. The audience-room gave the impression that an inquisitive rainbow had strayed in to see what latest interest was being featured, and had been caught as, startled, it was dissolving in a mist of color in an attempt to escape. The secret of the illusion was the myriads of sweet pease of every glowing hue and pastel tint spraying from baskets circling

the platform.

A delicious luncheon, daintily served, refreshed the visitors soon after arrival. Then, as if by magic the tables were cleared and rows of chairs were set for the meeting. With the disappearance of the glittering glass and silver, ceased also the animated chatter which had enlivened the time about the tables. As we were beautifully led by Mrs. Grace Fisher Richards in the devotional service, there flowed through the open windows the peace and confidence and radiant faith of the steadfast sun-glorified hills about us. Tender memories, too, of our dear Miss Richards filled our hearts, and we thought how joyously she would have welcomed us all to this, her home.

How fitting the time and place seemed for the memorial service which followed, for Mrs. J. M. Haven, the treasurer of the Woman's Home Union for twenty-two years. A loving tribute to her cherished memory was presented by Mrs. Frederick Perkins.

After the treasurer's reports, Mrs. J. E. Bell, Foreign Secretary, read interesting letters from the field, which will appear later in the Pacific or Our Work. Mrs. D. Goodsell of the W. H. U. recounted in an appealing way the heroic and devoted work of Rev. Henry M. Bowman among the Indians in Modoc county. The consuming desire of his life at present is to provide a place of worship for these needy helpless folk, whom he loves like children. One thousand dollars would cover the cost of the chapel for which the Indians themselves would prepare the logs. Mr. Bowman has a staunch supporter and ever-ready helper in Tommy Ocheeho, a converted Indian, who is a really noble man, physically and spiritually. He not only remains steadfast in the face of taunts and persecution, but time and again proves an inspiring comforter to Mr. Bowman when his overtaxed strength causes his spirit to grow faint.

Dr. Francis J. Van Horn contributed one of the choicest addresses of the day. If reported by a regular newspaper reporter, headlines in large letters would probably read like this: "Prominent East-Bay Pastor Says That Women's Missionary Societies have No Style." "Advses Them to Hold Occasional Open Meetings and Invite the Men Who Will Be Expected to Attend in Evening Clothes." The spirit of what he did say was this: that all that is excellent and efficient in Women's Clubs should be found also in women's missionary societies; that the evidence of wide and thorough reading and careful preparation which characterize the papers presented at clubs should not be wanting in missionary societies; that whatever contributes to the success and deepens the impression of the interest that is sought to be awakened, should be used as a valuable factor.

Dr. Van Horn as his introduction quoted a prophecy made some twenty-five years ago, to the effect that the severest test of Christianity would come when the church ceased to be the arbiter of society. Undoubtedly the time has arrived when church attendance is not considered as the stamp necessary for respectability. Prognostications are thick as to the changes that must be made in church and society to satisfy the new spirit of the men who will come back from the trenches; and it was Dr. Van Horn's advice that all institutions be alive to the fact and prepared to meet it; and among the various ways of so doing to be regardful of a certain something nominated "style," which has a value in its appeal. He deprecated marrowness in missionary intelligence and urged that our information concerning missions be not confined to what Congregationalists are doing.

Mrs. Perkins brought to our attention the summer sessions of missionary education, particularly the one of the Mt. Hermon Federate School of Missions, which convenes

July 6-13. Happily she was able to state that the plea made by Dr. Van Horn for a wide knowledge of Missions was adequately met at Mr. Hermon.

Mission study books and classes were admirably presented by Mrs. F. W. Dean. The Thank-offering Secretary, Mrs. John K. Browne, impressively reminded us of the place the thank-offering should have in our lives and work.

Rev. C. C. Fuller of South Africa gave an interesting talk on some of his experiences at Mt. Silinda and Chikore. The contrast which he pictured between the heathen African women and the Christian women of that and other lands deepened our resolve that enthusiasm for missions could not abate while any of our sisters exist in such depths of degradation. The place consigned to the African woman is the dirt. In it she sits and sleeps and cooks; with it she even dresses her hair. In some parts of Africa one can see suspended from a woman's neck a small brass plate about an inch square. This is not an ornament or a charm, but a license tag, indicating that her husband has paid the required tax on that particular piece of his property which carries it.

At Mt. Silinda are wonderful industrial plants where the natives receive careful training and become efficient workers. Mr. Fuller testified that valuable and important as this industrial training has proved, more and more he would stress the necessity of teaching Christ's message for the uplift of these lowly people.

Among the resolutions presented by the committee was one especially, passed with sincerest feeling. It was the extending of sympathy to Mrs. O. W. Lucas in her illness and the offering of prayer for her early and thorough recovery.

As the meeting drew to a close we felt that nothing remained to be desired for rounding out a perfect day. But the delightfully hospitable ladies of Saratoga had thought of an added pleasure. This was the invitation by Mrs. J. E. Bell to go to her flower-embowered, wide-verandahed home to partake of refreshing tea and sustaining sandwiches before we started on our homeward way.

Mention has not been made of the number of men in attendance whose presence was regarded with pleased complacency, until Dr. Van Vorn punctured the tire of our gratification by addressing his audience as "Ladies and Fellow Chauffeurs!"

WINNING AND KEEPING A BOY'S FRIENDSHIP.

It has been said that if a boy is ever to become a true man, that vital spark of manhood exists and should be recognized in early, very early childhood. The parent, pastor, teacher, or friend who would receive a boy's loyal devotion must so introduce himself that the embryo man, in his turn, will feel that his individuality is known and valued by a kindred spirit.

You must not only love the boy, you must like him, if you would be his friend. To no other will he consciously reveal himself. Search deeply and assiduously for some individual and likable trait in the youngest boy of your acquaintance. When found, act in reference to it and note the result.

The necessity and value of counting young children as individuals cannot be insisted upon too strongly. When this theory is reduced to practice, how will adults conduct themselves toward the children and youth in whom they find likable qualities, and from whom they seek an honest liking in return?

Your little son will doubtless love you because you are his mother, the source of his greatest comforts and pleasures. He will like you or dislike you for the same reasons that lead other people to like or dislike you.

You must win your boy by the same gentle, womanly arts by which, years ago, you won his father's heart. You strove to make yourself pleasing in his eyes; in his presence you repressed the frown and restrained the impatient word. Try the same means of making yourself attractive to your little boy, and see what an ardent little lover he will become.

When you have won him, keep him. Never appear before him in dishabille of dress or manner, such as would cover you with shame and confusion if witnessed by adults not included in the family circle. Never find yourself about to speak to your boy as you would not dare to speak to a stranger, an enemy or your neighbor's child. Did you ever listen to a tiresome visitor, bid her a smiling farewell, ask her to come again, and in the next breath give vent to your restrained vexation by making a sharp reply to your child who has been waiting so long for a share of his mother's attention? Does he like "cross mamma" any better than your visitor would like a cross, discourteous hostess?

Teacher of youth, clothed in the brief authority delegated by parents through school officials, do you ever stop to consider whether your pupils would voluntarily seek your presence or help because they like you? Do you sometimes speak to them as you would not dare to speak to their parents, or to their older brothers and sisters upon whose good opinion your social popularity depends?

A boy's reticence is just a little greater than his keen sensitiveness. For this reason, parents and teachers, we seldom, if ever, hear from him those just criticisms which would be a revelation to most of us.—Prudence Pepper.

For The Children.

PATTY AND HER PATCHWORK.

"Nobody is nice to me," pouted Patty. She went out on the porch and slammed the screen door behind her. The screen door didn't like to slam. It liked to close quietly, the way Patty's mamma approved. So it sprang back and hit Patty on the heel.

"Everything is cross," pouted Patty. She sat on the step and began digging the floor with her fingernail. The floor didn't like being scratched. It was proud of its fresh coat of paint. So it ran a sliver into Patty's naughty finger.

"Everything hurts me," wailed Patty. She put her finger into her mouth and went down the walk. By the pansy bed she began kicking at the ground. Now the pansy bed had all its pretty plants tucked under their covers. It didn't like being kicked. So it sent the dirt flying into Patty's face.

"You're horrid to me!" cried Patty. She ran over to the apple tree and began shaking it. The apple tree was old and dignified, much too old and too dignified to be shaken by a little girl. So it flung a green apple at Patty's head.

"And you're horrid, too!" cried Patty. She picked up the apple and threw it at the pump. The pump was standing quietly in its place. Of course, I didn't like being hit in the spout. So it bounced the apple back at Patty and hit her on the nose. It was surprising where all the hurt came from. Don't tell me that it all grew in one little apple.

"Oh, oh!" wept Patty. She felt in her pocket for her handkerchief, and she pricked her finger. But how could any little girl prick her finger on a pocket?

I'll tell you. Instead of finishing her sewing and putting it away, as she should have done, Patty was hiding her

patchwork in her pocket. And the needle saw to the pricking. That was the reason the needle had an eye, if you ask Patty.

"Ouch!" said Patty. "Ouch!" She stamped, as she said it, right into the pan of water that was waiting for the birds to come and bathe. The pan didn't like being stamped in, and I'm sure you don't blame it, do you? So it tipped upon its edge and upset Patty and upset the water on Patty and upset itself upside down over Patty.

And then—would you believe it?—why, Patty began to laugh. She couldn't help it. It seemed so funny to be bathing in the water that was meant for the birds; and though there was plenty for a big bird bath, there wasn't enough for a little girl bath.

"Ho, ho!" laughed Patty. She straightened the pan on the ground and sat on it. You'd be surprised to find what a comfortable seat it made.

"He, he!" giggled Patty. She wiped her eyes with the patchwork—after she had taken out the needle of course. And the patchwork was delighted to dry such pretty eyes. For it was pretty, too—all pink and white, with the cunningest tiny stitches and more stitches waiting to be made as cunning and as tiny, only you couldn't see them.

"Ha, ha!" chuckled Patty. She found the needle and took the splinter out of her finger. The needle was delighted to help. Even more than it enjoyed taking tiny stitches did it enjoy taking splinters for Patty. The real reason is that it has an eye, if you ask me.

"Oh, ho!" cried Patty. She skipped to the pump for a drink. The pump was delighted to be called upon by Patty. So it poured out for her its coldest and clearest water.

Not to be outdone, the apple tree shook down a ripe red apple at her feet. It was delighted to have its best apple eaten by Patty.

From their bed the pansies waved to her to come and gather them. Hadn't they grown for her? And weren't they delighted to be picked by her happy fingers?

"Now," cried Patty, gayly, "I'm going to finish my patchwork!"

And if you had watched, you would have seen those other stitches that were waiting to come flying into place, all as cunning and as tiny as even Patty could wish. The needle went ahead in fine style and drew after it the dainty white thread. And that, if you ask the needle, is the reason it has an eye.

"Everybody is nice to me," sang Patty.—Abigail Burton.

THE RAINBOW FAIRIES.

Two little clouds one summer's day
Went flying through the sky,
They went so fast they bumped their heads,
And both began to cry.

Old Father Sun looked out and said,
"Oh, never mind, my dears;
I'll send little fairy folk
To dry your falling tears."

One fairy came in violet,
And one in indigo;
In blue, green, yellow, orange, red—
They made a pretty row.

They wiped the cloud tears all away,
And then, from out the sky,
Upon a line the sunbeams made,
They hung their gowns to dry.

—Lizzie M. Hadley.

MILLS COLLEGE

The Woman's College of the Pacific Coast.

Liberal Arts and Sciences.
Domestic Arts and Science.
Campus of 139 acres.

Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, Ph. D.
President

MILLS COLLEGE, Oakland, California.

Kindergarten Normal School

State Accredited List.

Miss Barnard's Kindergarten Normal School is now in its permanent home at

2748 ASHBY AVE., BERKELEY.

June 17 a Continuous Year Class Will be Formed.

Address:

Miss Grace Everett Barnard,
Berkeley, Cal.

Pomona College

JAMES A. BLAISDELL, President.

EDWIN C. NORTON, Dean.

Pomona College is a co-educational institution located in Southern California among the foothills of the Sierra Madre Mountains in the orange-growing belt thirty-five miles from Los Angeles, with direct steam and electric connection with that city. The College offers the degree of Bachelor of Arts and puts at the service of students a peculiarly inspiring environment, the co-operation of a large faculty and the use of ample facilities.

For literature and information address Professor H. E. Robbins, Claremont, Cal.

PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION

BERKELEY

Seat of the University of California.

Curriculum modern, thorough, practical. Valuable University advantages free. Open to qualified students of any denomination. Location and climate unexcelled. Expenses low.

Address PRESIDENT, C. S. Nash, D.D.

To Reduce the High Cost of Living

Send for our Wholesale to Consumer's Price List of General family supplies.—SMITHS' CASH STORE, 108 Clay St., San Francisco, California. U. S. A.